Prince What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

Poynes I woulde thincke thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a blessed felow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

Poynes Why because you haue been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

Poynes By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with my owne eares, the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes Bardolfe.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

Prince And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from me Christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

Bard. God saue your grace.

Prince And yours most noble Bardolfe.

Poynes Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

Boy A calls me e'now my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window, at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

Prince Has not the boy profited?

Bard. Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

Boy Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

Prince Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

Boy Mary my lord, Althear dreampt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

Prince A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poines

Poines O that this blossome could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preserue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallowes shall haue wrong.

Prince And how doth thy master Bardolfe?

Bard. Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

Poynes Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the martlemasse your master?

Bard. In bodily health sir.

Poynes Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that moues not him, though that be sicke, it dies not.

Prince I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

Poynes Iohn Falstaffe Knight, euery man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that are kin to the King for they neuer pricke their finger, but they saye, theres some of the Kings bloud spilt: how comes that (saies he) that takes vppon him not to conceiue the answer is as ready as a borowed cap: I am the Kings poore cosin, sir.

Prince Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

Poynes Why this is a certificate.

Prince Peace.
I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

Poynes He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded, I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he misuses thy fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to mary his sister Nel, repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family, Iohn with my brothers and sisters, and sir Iohn with all Europe.

Poynes My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him

eate